

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 57.—No. 36.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879.

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COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

These entertainments are being carried on with all the desired spirit. The programmes, since our last notice, have been no less judiciously varied than usual, each containing points of interest to fix the attention of high-class amateurs, supplemented by enough and to spare for the gratification of others whose inclinations, less exacting, are more easily consulted. The special attractions last week were a "Beethoven" night, thus denominated because, although nothing else from the pen of that great master may be found in the scheme, one of his symphonies is expected as a matter of course; a "Classical" night, so styled because one section of the programme is exclusively set apart for works by composers upon whom unanimous consent has conferred the designation "classical"; and an "English" night, the title adopted for which is self-explanatory. By this arrangement, which cannot be too heartily commended, while particular sympathies are enlisted during the earlier half of the evening, the miscellaneous selection, vocal and instrumental, which follows is sufficiently diversified to meet all requirements; so that no one leaves the theatre wholly discontented. The idea that a vast mixed crowd can be attracted to a "Promenade" concert solely by music which demands the strictest and most unremitting attention, and remain perfectly satisfied in the circumstances, is purely Utopian. That the more and more they are, by degrees, tempted to listen to such music the better, is unquestionable; but they must be coaxed, not forced into it by their enthusiastic, uncompromising, would-be teachers; and as the Covent Garden concerts, no matter under whose directing mind, employ this method, they deserve all the encouragement lovers of music for music's sake can bestow.

Notwithstanding the unavoidable absence of a good many excellent orchestral players, whom previous engagements took to the Birmingham Festival, and the necessity of engaging as many more or less competent deputies, the third of Beethoven's symphonies, the gorgeous and magnificent "Eroica," was played with the utmost spirit and goodwill, under the direction of Mr Alfred Cellier, on the so-called (let it continue to be so-called) "Beethoven" night. As the stride from the Symphony in C, No. 1, to the Symphony in D, No. 2, is remarkable, still more remarkable is that from the second symphony to the third, where Beethoven, emancipated from the influence of all preceding models, and only, amid the astonishing wealth of its development, preserving that form (the form of Haydn and Mozart) which is imperishable, soared, on eagles' wings, to higher spheres. As an immediate precursor of his one opera, *Fidelio*, this symphony (finished in 1804, in his thirty-fourth year) would alone excite interest, apart from its intrinsic claims to rank among the finest works of its kind ever bequeathed to the art. The first three movements stand in no need of comment—they speak for themselves; but it is always, if only for the edification of certain critics who have depreciated Beethoven's claims as a contrapuntist, worth calling attention to the fact that the *finale*, built upon a theme from an earlier effort, the ballet, *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*, known in England more than half a century ago, chiefly by its overture, as the *Men of Prometheus*, after the *finale* to Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony (pass the *sobriquet*, which was not Mozart's, but John Cramer's) is perhaps the most marvellously sustained example of contrapuntal skill and contrapuntal fluency to be met with in any orchestral composition which could be named. The "Eroica," besides being a work of prodigious grandeur, is also one of prodigious length; and it was pleasant to observe the very many symphony-lovers and those whom they would fain make proselytes, listening to it from beginning to end with undeviating attention, and applauding movement after movement so cordially, that it would be high treason to doubt that they had thoroughly enjoyed the performance.

On the "Classical" night the symphony was Haydn's "Oxford," in G major, which for many years, at the Philharmonic Concerts, used to bear the designation of "Letter Q." This symphony was selected for performance on the 7th of July, 1791, when Haydn was honoured with the degree of "Doctor in Music" at Oxford (the idea of "Papa Haydn" being made a "Doctor" is amusing). It was not, as may be well imagined, an exercise for the degree, but chosen by himself, as if to establish his right to the distinction. In any case the "Oxford" symphony, or "Letter Q," or "Symphony in G," or whatever else we may like to call it, is a masterpiece, and we cannot wonder that the London *Morning Chronicle*

of the period should say that "a more wonderful composition was never heard," and that it "exceeded all praise." The *Morning Chronicle*, be it observed, knew nothing of the symphonies of Mozart, whose inability to come (he died in December of the same year) was the cause of Haydn's arrival in London. The *finale* of the "Oxford" symphony, to conclude, is one of the most joyous pieces ever conceived, built upon a theme which is simplicity itself, and treated from first to last not only with admirable mastery of workmanship, but with unflagging animation. The overtures to *Euryanthe* and *Ruy Blas*, in the last of which (almost an impromptu) Mendelssohn successfully emulates the fire and impetuosity of Weber, without burlesquing him, as certain composers have done, and the always welcome *Entr'acte* from Schubert's *Rosamunde*, for the discovery of which, as of so many other noticeable things by that most fascinating of musicians, about whom poor Robert Schumann raved so eloquently, we are indebted to Mr George Grove, spiritual adviser of Mr Manns at the Crystal Palace, added to an air from one of the *suites* of J. S. Bach, played by M. Hollman on the violoncello, completed the selection of instrumental pieces in the "classical" section of the programme. The vocal music, contributed by Mr Frederic King, Mrs Osgood, the accomplished American songstress, Mlle Dyna Beumer, a new-comer of more than ordinary pretensions, and Mlle Antoinette Sterling, another American, who has won a conspicuous position among us, included "Revenge! Timotheus cries," Mendelssohn's "First violet," "Batti, batti," and an air from Weber's *Abu Hassan*—the only unacknowledged thing of the lot, for the last of which Mlle Sterling obtained a well-merited encore.

There was a very attractive selection on the "English" night, the first part of which began with Vincent Wallace's best operatic prelude, *Lurline*, and concluded with a cleverly-made-out "Selection" from Balfe's *Satanella*, one of the best operas of its prolific composer, which afforded some of the most practised members of the orchestra opportunities of exhibiting their talents to advantage as solo performers. We had also three numbers from Mr A. Sullivan's music to Shakspeare's *Tempest*, always welcome, especially when including the prelude to Act III., and the piquant and exquisitely finished "Dance of Nymphs and Reapers"—an inspiration if there ever was one. An *entr'acte* and "rustic dance" from M. Cellier's *Nell Gwynne*; a gavotte for stringed instruments only, by Mr Hamilton Clarke, from whose pen we are shortly to look for a new symphony; a so-called (very clever) "Mandoline," by Mr A. Burnett, the excellent leader of the orchestra, also for stringed instruments, "pizzicato" throughout, (encored); and a fantasia for the flute (Nicholson, No. 12), executed in perfection by Mr Radcliff, were the other instrumental features in the opening part. By the way (*en parenthèse*) it would, we think, be advisable to give more opportunities to the members of the orchestra for displaying their abilities as solo performers. We were somewhat disappointed with the promised "Selection" from Bizet's *Carmen*, scarcely enough of the sparkling and characteristic melodies in which are made use of. There is too much slow music in it, too much of the first act, somewhat too little of the second, third, and fourth, and a less effective climax than might perhaps have been contrived by the able and musicianly hand to which the compilation is due.

Saturday night's concert was one of the best hitherto given, and drew one of the largest audiences. The prominent attraction, as may easily be credited, was the first appearance of Mlle Annette Esipoff, the Russian pianist *par excellence*. This gifted lady, by her truly admirable execution—admirable in all respects, whether as to mechanical facility, gradation of tone, appropriate variety of expression, or thorough comprehension of the music and the master she was interpreting—obtained, as she well deserved, unanimous recognition, with applause no less spontaneous than genuine. It is worthy note that this famous concerto—Beethoven's Op. 73, written in 1809, just seventy years ago—last and greatest of the five bequeathed by its illustrious composer to the pianoforte, was, though in length and importance equivalent to any symphony, listened to throughout with close attention by the vast majority of the audience, very few of whom quitted the promenade during its performance, and that at the conclusion the marks of approval were of the most enthusiastic character. That much of this was due to the fair performer there can be little doubt, but that a great deal was also due to the music she was so worthily interpreting there is every reason to believe. No success

could have been more complete. In the second part M^{me} Essipoff played a transcription of Schubert's "Hark the lark" and a "valse" in the newly-adopted *bravura* style, by the late Carl Tausig, both unworthy of powers which had proclaimed themselves so convincingly in the concerto of Beethoven. There were two novelties in the programme, the first a very pretty song by Mr Cellier, "My love she is a kitten," to the neatest possibly written verses by Mr Henry S. Leigh, so well sung by Mr Barton McGuckin as to elicit an encore; the other a waltz, entitled "Declarationen," by M. B. Albert, a French composer and violoncellist of real talent, which is melodious from beginning to end, quite after the Strauss pattern, with slow introduction, *coda*, &c., and instrumented with the best effect. It came late in the programme, but was given with such spirit and *entrain* that it could hardly fail to please. The new singer, M^{lle} Dyna Beumer, to whom brief reference has been made, possesses undeniable ability, which was revealed, perhaps, more conspicuously on Saturday night than on any previous occasion. She sang "Ah! fors'è lui" (from the *Traviata*), with its brilliant sequel, "Sempre libera," and the valse by Venezano, which, once made popular by M^{me} Gassier and Angiolina Bosio, has engendered a multitude of compositions of the same kind, with such ease, grace, and fluency as to call down the liveliest demonstrations of approval. Much may be expected from this young artist. Among the other noticeable features of the concert was the delicate and charming overture to Mendelssohn's operetta, *Heimkehr* (known here under the curious title of *Son and Stranger*), the performance of which, to say nothing of the overture to *Semiramide*, &c., was enough to show that the fugitive members of the orchestra had returned from Birmingham. The other singers were M^{me} Antoinette Stirling, who was encored in Mr Arthur Sullivan's graceful song, "Thou art weary;" and Mr Maybrick, similarly complimented in his own half martial, half sentimental ditty, "A Warrior bold," which, nevertheless, for reasons inexplicable, bears the name of "Stephen Adams." Altogether the concert was a good one; but owing to the unusual length of the programme, especially for a Saturday night, the "Selection" from *Faust* was omitted, which, the "Selection" from *Carmen* having already been played, gave no reasonable cause for regret.

M^{me} Essipoff makes her second appearance this evening, and it may be added that, during the course of her engagement, all amateurs of a certain class of pianoforte music, in the rendering of which she so manifestly excels, are desirous to hear her play one of the concertos of Chopin.—*Times*.

* Since the foregoing appeared M^{me} Essipoff has played some Chopin—not the F minor concerto, as announced, but the last two movements of its companion, in E minor and major, together with three smaller pieces (solo)—*Nocturne* (D flat), *Etude*, and *Mazurka* (D), all in the highest degree of perfection. This was on Monday night, when the fourth of Beethoven's symphonies (B flat) was given under the direction of Mr Alfred Cellier, who has so worthily been acting as deputy *pro tem* for Mr Arthur Sullivan. At the "Classical" night, on Wednesday, the symphony was Mozart's incomparable G minor. The members of the orchestra, whose services had been engaged during the week previous at the Birmingham Festival, having returned to their posts, the difference was sensibly felt. How many of them are bound for Hereford next week we are unable to say. Not very many it is to be hoped.

PENNA AGAINST LEIGH.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—As I am acquainted with all the facts of the case concerning Mr Faulkner Leigh's behaviour to my daughter, permit me to ask of your kindness to allow me to reply to the letter in your last Saturday's number, signed "Faulkner Leigh"; a letter so full of mis-statements (to use a mild expression) that I cannot persuade myself it was written by the gentleman bearing that name.

The "true facts of the case" are not given. Miss Catherine Penna never desired an appearance at Mr Faulkner Leigh's concert. Mr. F. L. had asked Mr Saunders, a gentleman well known to artists, to recommend him to a *primo soprano* for a ballad concert he was about to give. That gentlemen recommended my daughter. The sentence in Mr Leigh's letter, stating that "letter after letter,

post-card after post-card, arrived from the mother and daughter," ought to make the writer of the letter I am replying to blush, because of it being so far removed from *truth*. My daughter had sent the names of the songs she would sing, but the programme as published contained the names of pieces for her which she had never proposed.

My daughter suggested that she should be announced as "a principal soprano at the last Norwich Festival." The wilful omission of the article (indefinite) by Mr Leigh is an evidence to all truthful persons that when a man is hopelessly in the wrong he will not carefully weigh the import of his words.

One word touching the "concerted music." This consisted of the common-place Irish melody, "Fly not yet," arranged as a quartet. Such rubbish as that needs no rehearsal by any one fit to stand before the public and sing; much less by Miss Catherine Penna, whose reading-ability has, I think, never been surpassed, and is very rarely equalled. My word above need not be taken; the testimony of some of the foremost musicians of the age would be instantly forthcoming, were such needed. But the statement of Mr Leigh is beneath contempt, or I would soon put him to the blush.

The impertinence of Mr Leigh in assuming that my daughter was anxious for an "appearance" at any concert he could give may be forgiven, but his departure from truth and his betrayal of malice must be left to the judgment of his own conscience.—Yours faithfully,

FREDERIC PENNA.

3rd Sept., 1879.

PRESSBURG.

(Correspondence.)

The Abbé Stanislas Neyrat, chapelmaster of the Cathedral of Lyons, recently paid a visit to this town, where, two years ago, after innumerable and fruitless researches in other directions, he discovered, in the archives of the Association for Sacred Music, a copy of Méhul's Mass for the Coronation of Napoleon I. The work appeared hopelessly lost, and the copy here is supposed to be the only one in existence. It has now been transcribed under the supervision of Herr Mayrberger, the chapelmaster of the cathedral, and the transcript most liberally presented to the Abbé Neyrat by the Abbé Hiller, President of the Association above mentioned. The score, beautifully engraved and provided with a preface describing the manner in which the copy was traced to this town, will be published in the course of the winter in Paris.

To August Manns.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 28th:—

Organ Sonata, No. 3, in A major	...	Mendelssohn.
Air, "If guiltless blood be your intent"	...	Handel.
Prelude and Fugue, in E major	...	Bach.
Andante in E flat (No. 5 of Six Concert Pieces)	...	W. T. Best.
Sarabande—dans le Style Ancien	...	A. Dupont.
March for the Organ, in E flat major	...	Th. Salomé.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 30th:—

Organ Sonata, in A minor	...	J. A. van Eyken.
Larghetto from the Second Symphony	...	Beethoven.
Fugue in C major (The Bell Fugue)	...	W. R. Bezfeld.
Selection from the music to the drama <i>Jeanne d'Arc</i>	...	C. Gounod.
Adagio, in E minor, for the organ	...	C. G. Höpner.
Overture, <i>Jessonda</i>	...	Spohr.

THE death, on Monday last, at Arrochar (Scotland), after a brief indisposition, of Mr George Thomas Metzler, the well known publisher, will be heard of with sincere regret by the musical profession, among whom he enjoyed high consideration and esteem.

LEIPSIC.—Herr Eduard von Moser has become manager of the Carola-Theater, which will be re-opened on the 14th inst. Herr Neesler is appointed conductor.

DRONTHEIM (NORWAY).—Mr F. H. Cowen and Herr Behrens of Her Majesty's Theatre have been giving concerts in this town with great success—they two, be it understood, unaided, the Teuton singing, the Anglo-Saxon playing solos, and accompanying on the pianoforte. On the 4th inst. they were to be joined at Copenhagen by M^{me} Trebelli, M^{lle} Enequist, Signor Valcheri (Walker!) and M. Jacquinet (violinist), for a short tour in the Scandinavian interiors.

NOTES UPON NOTES.

Cipriani Potter's Studies, composed for the use of the Royal Academy of Music.

(Continued from page 544.)

No. 8, in C minor—in a grand style—the shakes to be given their extreme length, the chords, with a firm grasp. The key of C minor is expressive of softness, longing and sadness; also of earnestness and a passionate intensity. All these studies require that the student should understand music; yet 'tis a sad thing to hear young people—many studying for the musical profession, and with the best harmony masters—wishing to give up the study of the theory of music, often asking the question, "What is the use of it?" a question not so easily answered; for they may be told it is the grammar of music. But as many of these not very anxious inquirers have not arrived at the application of the theory (aye, there's the rub!), and are perfectly satisfied with being able to run over the pianoforte, and be entirely directed by their pianoforte-master, in style and even expression (which, if natural, should be in the first place the result of feeling); perfectly contented to let the master think for them; very obedient, very docile, and even some natural taste for music, only requiring proper development; but do these really idle, infatuated young people have any idea as to whether they have a soul?—they may have a *sole* for the pedal of the pianoforte, and that is, perhaps, the amount of their *under-standing*. And so it is; the player who can rattle on (right well, in one sense) says, "What is the use of theory?"—the brilliant performer soon gets adherents; and then comes a quiet strike against the much-to-be-pitied theory-master. A quiet strike, I say; for the pupils may attend the lessons (of the theory-master), but don't attend to the lessons. Those who have brains scatter their wits. The theory-master may have a lively time of it; the pupil a very unlively time, and expect to be pitied—for doing *nothing*! How cruelly amusing!—almost hysterically a laughing matter! I will agree with these young people when they say, "What is the use of such theory according to their miserable style of self-study?" I may further on allude to a remedy for this sad evil, preventing the growth of music in this country.—And now to return to this study in C minor. How can it, or any other composition be well understood if the student is unacquainted with the language of music? As I am writing upon *Studies*, I feel no apology is necessary for introducing remarks on the proper method of study, not only for these *Studies*, but to assist the real understanding of music in general.

Study No. 9, in E major—passages giving almost the effect of double shakes—the starting note in the bass should be *sforzando*, so as to vibrate throughout the "shaky" passage which should not be shaky. The scale passages, both hands, in thirds, should go lovingly together, give great attention to the *crescendos* and *diminuendos* throughout. The same figure is well worked out, and is excellent practice. E major, to quote again the authority I so much respect, the brightest and most powerful key, expresses joy, magnificence, splendour, and the highest brilliancy. As this study is confined to the practice of a particular passage, the latter remark may apply to this study as leading on to brilliancy.

No. 10, in C sharp minor, a really splendid study. It is said of the key of C sharp minor that it is undoubtedly the most intensely melancholy key. But this study would seem almost to belie the assertion. It is so sparkling, even gay and brilliant—as I have before hinted—it is best to look over the study or piece and hear it in the mind's ear before playing it. This is particularly applicable to this study, and, in fact, let me ask how are pupils to finger music in after-life, if they do not learn to hear music in the mind's ear? They should be able to write out passages that may be played on an instrument, when sitting in a different part of the room, or even in another room, not "*seeing*" what is played, but hearing, in fact that is what is wanted; that the *ears*, understanding and *feeling* in the study of music, have to be exercised. Again, to enquire within on everything. The pupil should be able to comprehend *form* in composition, understand, and therefore *feel*, modulations more acutely, to know, too, that fingering itself depends on a knowledge of music. That in fingering according to the scale, a scale may assume a different form in the middle of a passage, *arpeggio* passages fingered according to chords, the chords to be understood, and in fingering for expression,

musical phraseology must be known. In fact, one of the great tests of a pupil's progress is to finger a piece of music away from the pianoforte. Above all, the real student should study music for music's sake, not for the false excitement of the moment; for either playing in public, or getting a prize. How is it that so many who have gained prizes, &c., have been passed, when out in the "cold" world, by those who were *nowhere* at prize time.

A gentleman who was not thought worthy of distinction at one time in this country went to Leipsic, was the first Englishman that ever came off "first prizeman" at the Leipsic Conservatorium. He took his Bachelor's degree here, and Doctor's degree in Dublin. These things should wake us all up to "higher development." Music is essentially a mental occupation; I will go still further when I say (with all due reverence) it is a spiritual gift. I am not quite certain that the giving away prizes does much good. I only the other day heard of a pupil at a justly celebrated music school (with which I am not connected), undoubtedly clever, give it out to her friends that she intended staying in her institution till she had gained a prize. And so it does often stop. This can be proved over and over again. Not studying music for music's sake, the thirst for competition is allayed, and what becomes of music? Love for the divine Art, Theory and Practice, should all go together. It is only two or three months ago that I knew of a most gifted and promising artist going to Germany to study, who was told by a celebrated German musician, "Ah, you must go for four or five years, otherwise they will not let you into their system!" Does not this speak volumes? I am again led so far to speak of method in "*learning music*," because I feel that this study of Cipriani Potter's Study in C sharp minor requires knowledge in order to work out the problems of difficulties to be met with in this study, and in all these studies, which are so thoroughly educational; and, indeed, I may say over and over and over again, so necessary to everything in music.

C sharp minor is a very difficult key to play in. In the double notes, accented in divisions of twos, the student may, perhaps, feel that they appear to tumble over each other, and, especially when the two hands have to play the twos in contrary directions, meeting each other. Of course this will require practice in little passages, the smaller the better. That which is mechanical it is necessary to take mechanical means to obtain; but the mechanical, at the same time, requires great attention. Listening hard, as the Germans (who know how to study) say, never wearying till the thing is accomplished; and 'tis this practising in little bits that makes a perfect whole. Some musicians, and of eminence, have thought that the practice of passages was lowering to the understanding. Now, it should be well weighed that this "practice of passages" quickens the ears. Knowledge and executive power should go together; the one will assist the other, and those who possess the greater knowledge will find that they have to exercise the greater patience; for as taste and judgment go in advance of the executive, it will require the greatest care and diligence to wait till the real playing of a passage is accomplished. *Playing cannot be arrived at by playing*, but by practice only. In this study the exhilarating bound into the relative major E, at the beginning of the second part, is a fine feature in the composition, and I should hope would have been observed by the diligent student when reading over the study apart from an instrument, before playing it; yet this will require practice to fully realize the intention of the composer. This study, if really studied, will be found to be a study indeed, for style, execution, and exercising and improving the judgment of the student.

Study No. 11, tranquil and beautiful, threes against twos, and fours against sixes, requiring great attention to gain independence of touch between the two hands, the one *staccato* the other *legato*, gliding most melodiously over the keys. This study tells of peace. Ah! and my dear old master, I do not wish to pull you to "*pieces*;" you were a most original composer, yet it has been said that,

"He who prigs what isn't his'n
When he's cotched must go to pris'n."

Yet I should have been sorry to have seen you confined between any other bars than the bars of your own beautiful music. At about the period when this study was composed, Meyerbeer's opera, *Il Crociato in Egitto*, had just come out at Her Majesty's Theatre, or, as it was then called, the King's Theatre. Mr Potter

may have been strongly impressed with this then popular (and deservedly so) opera. I cannot after all say there is any direct plagiarism, but these effects, wonderfully communicated to the pianoforte—orchestral, do dear little Cip. no small amount of credit. There is a passage, directly at the beginning of the third page, that is often a pitfall, as to time, for the student; a trap skilfully laid by dear little Cip., the slow value of notes after the quick. This is a lovely study for the *legato* style. F major is at once full of peace.

No. 12, in D minor, double notes, in various extensions, to be played *staccato* from the wrist, a sort of bout of single stick on the pianoforte. Mr Potter used to call this study "The Bull in a China Shop." With regard to the character of the key, D minor, it is said to express a subdued feeling of melancholy, grief, anxiety, and solemnity. Anxiety to catch the right notes will, I calculate, be the pervading feeling in the mind of the student of this study.

And thus ends Book I. of the most useful and beautiful studies ever written.

W. H. HOLMES.

(To be continued.)

—O—

LOWELL MASON.

No. II.

Mason became president of the Handel and Haydn Society, but the object of the association being the performance of oratorio, he soon found its sphere too contracted for the purposes he had in view. This, and other reasons, led to his parting from it, and to the establishment, about 1832, of the Boston Academy of Music, with Samuel A. Eliot, some years mayor of the city, at its head, but having Mr Mason as its leading spirit. In 1835 the Boston Theatre was changed into a music-hall, with the name Odéon, and here the Academy gave, with a very fine chorus, cantatas, madrigals, glees, and at length organized an orchestra, and taught the people to understand and enjoy the great symphonists. Mr Mason's great object was universal musical education: and while the Handel and Haydn Society and the Academy were educating the public to appreciate the highest music, he was labouring with a success, worthy of his zeal and perseverance, to make singing and the reading of ordinary vocal music as common an acquirement as the simple rules of arithmetic or the outlines of geography.

The first step was to so explain the elementary rules of writing and reading music that everyone might be made easily to understand them. His success in this was such, that no quack method of "making music easy" has ever been able to obtain any lasting footing in New England; nor does any pupil of a New England public school desire any other notation than such as was good enough for Handel and Beethoven. Next, he gathered classes to whom he imparted his methods of teaching, which were based upon a thorough study of the system of Pestalozzi—awakened their enthusiasm, and thus soon had an able body of disciples to aid him in a project which he had for some time cherished—nothing less than making singing and reading music compulsory branches of instruction in the public schools! Anything more hopeless could hardly have been planned. He was obliged to prove that children could be made to comprehend the meaning of staves and notes—a page of music being then to most people as blind as a column of hieroglyphics. He did prove it, by concerts of children, whom he and Mr George James Webb—a fine English musician, long his friend and coadjutor—had taught. One of Mr Mason's enlogists says with truth: "It was a good while before he could get a hearing for his belief that little children could be taught to sing by note, and to understand the rudiments of music as a science. A less resolute man than he would have been discouraged before he gained permission to experiment upon his theory in the common schools; and when, at last, consent was given grudgingly by the school authorities of Boston, he was forced to go to work upon his own responsibility, at his own charges, at the most unfavourable time, in the most undesirable way. But he succeeded so triumphantly, that all the schools in Boston were, in 1838, thrown open to him.

Mr Mason's path in these and many following years was not one of roses. Envy and malice did their most in decrying his merits and in exaggerating any mistake made by him or any

failing that could be discovered, and the time came when others reaped where he had sown—in other words, the teaching in the schools was divided between himself and his assistants, and his opponents. Perhaps the cause may have gained, as both parties were forced to do their best; but it was neither just nor generous towards Mr Mason.

Another project of his, which has now become an institution in many parts of the United States, was the calling together conventions of music-teachers and amateurs. These continuing ten or twelve days, were occasions of very great interest and value. Lectures on musical topics, especially upon the art of teaching singing-classes, with constant practice, and, finally, a concert or two, in which the members took part, filled the time, and thousands carried away with them their first and never-fading impression of the glorious power and beauty of a chorus of Handel, sung by a thousand voices with orchestral and organ accompaniment.

Simultaneously with all these labours, the press was teeming with collections of vocal music by Mr Mason alone, or in conjunction with Mr Webb, for every possible demand—from the infant school to the societies for singing the highest music. Their sale was positively enormous. Single collections were distributed by hundreds of thousands. Not alone sacred music, but glees, madrigals, and four-part songs, for men's voices, women's voices, a mixed chorus, English, German, French, Italian, anything that was good of its kind that could be found in the large library which their editor had collected. That a handsome fortune at length rewarded his labours need hardly be stated.

Mr Mason's first visit to Europe was in 1837, after ten years of incessant labour, partly for recreation, but more to make himself acquainted with the methods—especially in Germany—of musical instruction in schools of the various grades. There was nothing for him to learn! A pleasing and valuable volume of letters record his impressions and observations.

The last years of his life were spent with his elder children at Orange in New Jersey, where two of them resided—Daniel and Lowell—whose extensive publishing house was in New York and Orange; therefore, a convenient place of residence.

But, as Mr Mason's talent in teaching really amounted to genius, his services in Massachusetts were still demanded. The Public Board of Education of that state organized annual conventions of teachers, much on the model of the musical conventions above noticed; and to these he was annually called, not more for the musical instruction which he imparted than for the benefit of the example he set the members in the very best methods of teaching.

In the purchase of books for his library Mr Mason by no means confined himself to such as he could read or use in works. He collected for the use of others, and with the intention of making a collection which after his death should be deposited in some institution of learning for the public benefit. Thus, being informed by a friend that the late Professor Dehn, of Berlin, was disposed to sell the finest and completest collection of the works of Matheson and Marburg—that in the Royal Library at Berlin excepted—he immediately commissioned his friend to secure them, though there was not one among them that he himself could read. Upon those who sought to injure him he never retaliated, but bore calumny and detraction in silence—he lived them down—and many an opponent he changed to a friend by simply giving them the opportunity of knowing him personally. Here is a case in point. A young writer on musical topics in the periodical press, upon partial information, made a somewhat bitter attack upon him. No other notice was taken of it than was involved in Mr Mason's inviting him to his house, and giving him the free use of his library. Prejudice soon gave way to respect and admiration on his part, while on the other a kindly feeling grew up, which resulted in the loan of a handsome sum of money, to be paid at convenience, without interest, to enable the young man to pursue his studies in Europe. Not until years had passed did the latter know, and then not from his benefactor, that the article above-named had deeply pained and wounded him.

The writer freely confesses that he has differed from Mr Mason on various matters of opinion and taste; but this confession can only add emphasis to the expression of his deep appreciation of his many great qualities.

ALEXANDER W. THAYER.

Trieste, August, 1879.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

The misunderstanding between M. Lassalle and M. Vaucorbeil has been amicably arranged. The former addressed his manager this letter:—

"Paris, the 23rd August, 1879.

"Monsieur le Directeur,—I am about spontaneously to take a step destined, I hope, to put an end to the rupture which I regret having caused, and which, I feel sure, would have been long since ended had I been able to meet you. I acknowledge loyally that the fault was on my side, and regret having given way to an outburst of hastiness and bad temper, which I could not suppress. May I request you, therefore, to ignore my proposal for the annulment of my engagement, a proposal made, by the way, without any ulterior views, as I had no notion of deserting for managers abroad a theatre where I have always been so kindly received. With your permission, then, I will continue in your company, scrupulously observing the discipline of the great establishment to which I have the honour of belonging, and earnestly desirous of never again disturbing the friendly relations which should unite an artist to his manager. In the hope of receiving a favourable answer, I have the honour to remain, Monsieur le Directeur, a devoted member of your company,
"LASSALLE."

To this the following was the reply:—

"Paris, the 23rd August, 1879.

"Sir,—After the expression of your regret and your promises for the future, I cannot act rigorously; I consent to look upon your resignation as not sent in, and trust nothing will henceforth disturb our daily relations. I remain, Sir, yours truly,

"VAUCORBEIL."

One satisfactory consequence of the above correspondence is that *La Muette de Portici* has got to the band rehearsals, and that Monday, the 8th inst., is named for its production. Of course, no one supposes it will be performed on that date, but it may confidently be expected before the end of the month. A short time since, M. Bosquin was compelled to send word that, owing to sudden indisposition, he should be unable to sing as announced in *La Favorite*. Luckily, M. Villaret was in robust health, and ready, short as was the notice, to sing in *Les Huguenots*. The next day M. Vaucorbeil sent him a magnificent bronze. M. Bertin, lately at the Salle Favart, appeared a few nights ago in *Faust*, and was favourably received. He goes for a twelve-month to Marseilles, but, at the expiration of that period, will, perhaps, be permanently engaged by M. Vaucorbeil.

M. Carvalho has written to acquaint his artists that, owing to the non-completion of the repairs and decorations, it is doubtful when the Opéra-Comique will be re-opened. He hopes to commence his new season on the 1st October, but is by no means certain on this head. As the engagements were to date from the 1st September the artists will lose a month's salary at the very lowest, the only exception being the "masses"—chorus, orchestra, and miscellaneous officials—who will be paid, although the doors remain closed. Great expectations are founded on M. Carvalho's new tenor, M. Mouliérat, who is to make his first bow at the Opéra-Comique in Félicien David's *Perle du Brésil*, and who, according to M. Emilién Pacini, owes his good fortune to a lucky chance. Four years ago the young artist served in the 18th Chasseurs. During a review held at Longchamps by Marshal MacMahon, a short time was allowed the troops for rest and refreshment. Profiting by the fact, the 46th Line Regiment resolved to give the 18th Chasseurs, with whom they were brigaded, a treat in the shape of a vocal performance by a trumpeter of whose powers they were exceedingly proud. After listening to the trumpeter, who was applauded to the echo, a corporal of the 18th observed: "Oh, we've a fellow who can beat him hollow—a regular tiptopper." Hereupon the tiptopper was fetched, and, on hearing that a display of his singing capabilities would oblige, at once struck up the patriotic song of "Alsace-Lorraine." General Bocher, who commanded the brigade and happened to be passing, stopped to listen. When the song was over, he complimented the young trooper, and requesting him to call the next morning at the Ecole Militaire. Mouliérat was punctual to a second, and, after hearing him again, the General gave him a letter to M. Gresset, professor at the Conservatory, who introduced him to M. Ambroise Thomas. That gentleman gave orders that the military warbler should be admitted at once as a pupil, the upshot being that, after three years of hard study, the *ci-devant* trooper

will in a few weeks come out as a leading member of the second lyric theatre in France.

Mdlle Leslino, one of the latest members of the Opera, has brought an action against M. Campocasso, manager of the Grand-Théâtre, Marseilles, for asserting she is still bound to him for another year.—MM. Martinet and Husson have engaged M. Dufrique, the bass, for the Opéra-Populaire, and, if Victor Hugo's consent for its production can be obtained, will first bring their new artist out in *Rigoletto*.—M. L. Vasseur intends performing at the Théâtre du Nouveau-Lyrique M. Léo Delibes' operetta of *L'Ecosais de Chatou*, with M. Hamburger as the principal male personage, of whom he was the original representative. M. Vasseur has also engaged Mdlle Lina Bell, who leaves the Opera.—M. Sellenick, the bandmaster of the Garde Républicaine, has completely recovered from his recent sunstroke.—M. Folly, one of the last eminent French guitarists, died recently.

NOTES UPON NOTES.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I read with very great satisfaction the series of papers relating to "Cipriani Potter's Studies," by Mr W. H. Holmes; but I venture to ask Mr Holmes why, with so large an amount of musical intelligence, musical feeling, and sound common sense as his essays show him to possess, he should make so frequent reference (or, indeed, any reference whatever) to Herr Pauer's nonsensically fantastic definitions of the characters of keys, thus giving a hue of burlesque to what is otherwise admirable (however partial) criticism. I also crave permission to suggest that in his generous appreciation of others (I need not particularise) Mr Holmes altogether overlooks his own unquestionable claims to the highest consideration.—Your obedient servant,

THOMAS NOON GADD.

Operasangeren
H. Conrad Behrens
og Pianisten
Mr. Fred. Cowen
give

Tirs dag den 26de August Kl. 8
paa Opfordring
i Arbejderforeningens Festsal

Afskeds-Concert.

PROGRAM:

- | | | | |
|-----|--|------------|--|
| I. | | | |
| 1. | Andante i F Dur | Beethoven. | |
| | (Mr Cowen). | | |
| 2. | Arie, "Trylleflojten" | Mozart. | |
| | (Hr. Behrens). | | |
| 3. | Lifdrabanten och Kung Erik | Lindblad | |
| | (Hr. Behrens). | | |
| 4. | Reverie | Cowen. | |
| | (Mr. Cowen). | | |
| 5. | "Nu är det natt" | Abb. | |
| | (Hr. Behrens). | | |
| II. | | | |
| 6. | a) Rondo i A Moll | Mozart. | |
| | b) Mazurka | Chopin. | |
| | (Mr. Cowen). | | |
| 7. | "Non più andrai" af Figaros Bryllup | Mozart. | |
| | (Hr. Behrens). | | |
| 8. | Valse caprice | Cowen. | |
| | (Mr. Cowen). | | |
| 9. | "Pehr Sivanherde" | Folkvis. | |
| | (Hr. Behrens). | | |

Billetter 1 a Krone erholdes i Andersens Enkes (Ant. Heibergs)
Boglade samt ved Indgangen fra Kl. 7.

Mdlle Sarah Bernhardt has been selected to execute the marble bust of Félicien David for the Historical Museum, Versailles.

MARRIAGE.

On September 3rd, at the Eglise de la Trinité, Chaussée d'Antin, Paris, Mdle CARLOTTA PATTI, to Monsieur ERNEST DE MUNCK.

DEATH.

On September 1st, at Arrochar, N.B., aged 44, GEORGE THOMAS METZLER, of Stanmore House, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, and 37, Great Marlborough Street, W. Friends will kindly accept this intimation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR SWALLOW.—Our correspondent must be thinking of some other notice in some other paper about the *rentrée* of Mdle Zaré Thalberg. The writer in the *Graphic*, on the occasion mentioned, after praising her acting on account of its quiet grace and unobtrusive liveliness, adds, with reference to the vocal part of her performance, that it was—"charming in a musical sense, because of the youthful brightness of the voice, which has assuredly gained in fulness, the simple expression imparted to melodies only to be spoiled by laboured expression, and that perfect intonation which was remarked in her from the very beginning. That Mdle Thalberg received a greeting as cordial as it was unanimous may be taken for granted. Repeatedly applauded, she made the accustomed impression in 'La ci darem' (with Signor Cotogni), 'Batti, batti,' and 'Vedrai carino,' two of which (the duet and the first air) were encored," &c.

Dr Swallow is altogether wrong about the late Mdme Gassier, who habitually sang "Una voce poco fa" in G (a minor third higher than the original key). The late Mdme Angiolina Bosio sang it invariably in F, while (the happily living) Mdme Adelina Patti used in former years to sing it at times in F and at times in E, which is the original. She rarely, if ever, transposes it now.

POLKAW.—"Nocturn" next week. Good; but wherefore *Carmen*? Poor old Reber! He don't make much use of his own imaginary licences. Because a composer violates a wholesome rule, does that naturally constitute a genius? Liszt forbid! Wag forbid! Forbid it, ye Columns! Of Knut, the sea-chidden Dane, anon.

MOONY.—Spoon! *Nous ne sommes pas si bêtes que tu en a l'air*. Daniel Steibelt, the famous pianist and pianoforte composer, did write an opera called *Romeo et Juliette* for Paris, and it had great success.

DR SPES.—The passage in Wordsworth intended by our correspondent is—

"A nightingale and two or three thrushes,
With a noise of wind that rushes,
And a noise of water that gushes."

Dr Spes is by far too spes(cious). *Ingurgitat spes*.

AMATEUR.—Miss Dolby (now Mdme Sainton) sang at the Worcester Festival of 1842—not Miss M. B. Hawes. Mr Surman, of the Sacred Harmonic Society, conducted.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879.

STRAY THOUGHTS CONCEIVED HEXAMETRICALLY.

No. 2.

Sorrow, sing sorrow, oh bard! when Boreas, blasting in
tempests

Makes him run after his hat, dodging the people that gaze.

Polka.

TO
SARAH BERNHARDT.
(Impromptu for Music.)*

Oh!

SIMCOCK HOUSE.

To F. C. B. of the Crag.

* Copyright.

A LITTLE BIT.

Come, oh come to the cornflower sea.
In the winey west great poppies are piled,
And the sun, that gorgeous butterfly,
Is fluttering down, drunken and wild
With kisses, into their flushing breast.
Look at the cornflower sea,
All speckled with splendour. Look at the sky,
Its heart is beating hard in the west,
And its face is glad and its soul is at rest.
The grim old cliffs laugh silently.
Come to the cornflower sea,
Thou with me.

Polkaw.

To Bensell Wellben Wellwell Benben, Esquire.

Chert.

Mine him!



On the Ey'ry.

DR EAGLES.—Now, Wind, old fellow, we have got you at home. Mrs Eagles and the Eaglets are hungry.

DR WIND.—They must wait till I have dealt with my correspondence.

DR EAGLES.—They can't wait, they are very hungry. Listen!

Screams of Mrs Eagles and the young Eaglets.

EAGLETS.



MRS EAGLES.

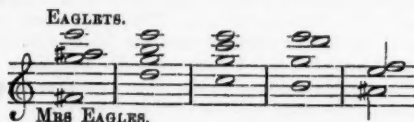
DR WIND.—Tell them to hold their noise. I expect telegrams.
DR EAGLES.—They won't; they are famishing. Hear!—

EAGLETS.

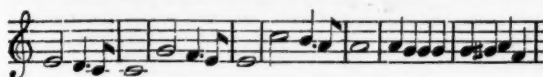


MRS EAGLES.

DR WIND.—Blow them! They must wait. Do they want to eat me?
DR EAGLES.—You are at hand, and they must have something. Listen!



DR WIND.—Shut up. Here are telegrams!
Phenicopters seen with telegrams in beak.
DR EAGLES.—Hoi! hoi! Albertus Magnus!
DR WIND.—Phenicopters, with telegrams! (*sings*):—



DR EAGLES.—Albohalus! Per Hercle! What now?
DR WIND.—I expected as much (*takes telegrams from Phenicopters, who fly away*). Humph (*blows open envelope*).
DR EAGLES.—Read!
DR WIND (*reads*).—Ha! ha! A man from Chester, August 30! (*reads*):—
"Sir,—Could you oblige with the sense"—
DR EAGLES.—Oblige whom?
DR WIND.—Shut up! (*reads*):—

"Could you oblige with the sense of these words at the conclusion of the criticism on Mad. Nilsson, p. 553:—'The mass and volume of a pause that rolled through the hall—'. Yours, obediently, BRONCHITIS."

DR EAGLES.—How will you answer?
DR WIND.—Ask Smalley. Humph—here's a postscript (*reads*):—
"There is much that is incomprehensible and consequently uninteresting in the paper every week," &c.

DR EAGLES.—What paper?
DR WIND.—I don't know.
DR EAGLES.—How shall you answer?
DR WIND.—I shall answer—"Read Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*. I can't supply you with brains."

DR EAGLES.—Having none to spare, old 'os! Why not Browne's *Urn Burials*?
DR WIND.—Godwin *On Sepulchres*! Here's another despatch. Heugh! what's this? I can't read it—can you? (*hands over telegram to Dr Eagles*).

DR EAGLES.—Oh yes—this is in the Norse tongue—Scandinavian (*reads*):—

(*Indsendt*).

"Til D'Hrr. Konrad Behrens og Fred. Cowen.

"*Udvikling af et stort Talent* | "*Thi takke vi de tvende, som*
Er Blomst, der sætter Frugt; | *Lod Tønen strømme ren;*
Harmonisk Spil og livfuld | *Talentet ned fra Himlen*
Sang, | *kom*
De klinge sammen smukt. | *Og stiger op mod den."*

DR WIND.—Translate.
DR EAGLES.—I can read, but not translate (*hands over telegram to Dr Wind*).

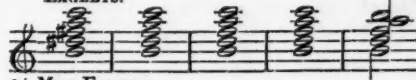
DR WIND.—Dolt with two heads! I will show you that one head is better than two. I can't read but I can translate. It is something about Behrens, Mapleson's Socratic Demon, and Cowen the Cowenish. Here goes—impromptu:—

"Great talent, well developed, is the tree
Which beareth first the flower, then the fruit—
The blending sweet of Harmony and Song
Doth make us wish all other sounds were mute.

"Our thanks we offer to those two who've charmed
Us all with Music's most melodious strain.
Oh! Talent! thou indeed dost come from Heaven
And unto Heaven thou dost soar again."

DR EAGLES.—Why not genius, while the poet was about it?
DR WIND.—Blockhead! Cowen is an Englishman—"Cowenish" if you like, but an Englishman. Ask Smithers Goldfinch.
DR EAGLES.—That blatant, that insufferable— Hark!

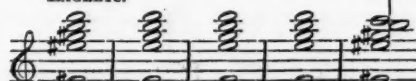
EAGLETS.



MRS EAGLES.
Give us Doc - tor Wind!

DR WIND (*impatiently*).—Hold your noise, old hen, and silence your brats! Well, ask "An English Musician, Clarendon Hotel."
DR EAGLES.—That pompous charlatan who believes in English mu—

EAGLETS.



MRS EAGLES.
Give us Doc - tor Wind!

DR WIND.—Fish! I'll blow your ey'ry into mid-air. As the horses of the sun, breathing—

DR EAGLES.—Snorting, according to Marlowe.
DR WIND (*angrily*).—Breathing the morning through their nostrils, &c.

DR EAGLES.—Drinking the wind of their own speed?
DR WIND.—Shelley. Hats off!
DR EAGLES.—That's Schumann on Chopin—Variations, "La ci darem la mano"?

DR WIND.—No, it's D. Peters on *Eli*—"Hats off! Here comes a fugue!" Well, ask "Polkaw." Never mind. Let Bronchitis look to his tubes (*blows open third envelope*). By Jove! Here are hexameters addressed by Tom Adder to that same gentleman (*reads*):—

TO POLKAW.

(*After Goethe.*)

May we expect you again just now with some fresh
hexa-meters?
Or must we think you have gone to the devil with old
Dishley Peters?

I walked up the street and I saw a man with an ancient
umbrella;
Said I to myself that old cad, I am sure, is a queer sort
of fella.

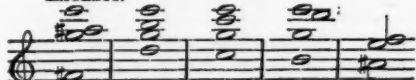
THOMAS ADDER.

Venice, Aug. 29.

DR EAGLES.—Bravo, Tom Adder! Your last should be first.
DR WIND.—"Hexameter" is good all the same. Polkaw! Polkaw! Where's the divine Sarah to whom you addressed such a beautiful sonnet—Sarah Bernhardt?

DR EAGLES.—As if there could be any other Sarah. I nevertheless think— But listen! They're more and more rabid. They must be fed!

EAGLETS.



MRS EAGLES.
Bring us young Pol - kaw!
Or Phe - ni - cop - ter!

DR WIND (*tempestuously*).—A vile phrase! A vile rhyme—"kaw" and "ter"!

DR EAGLES.—No matter. They hunger and must eat. Give them your Phenicopters. These can be roasted at once.

DR WIND.—And who takes back my answers?
DR EAGLES.—I've got carrier pigeons.

DR WIND.—Carrier pigeons be blown! Roast them for your family. I see Phenicopters on that crag. (*Whistles.*)

Phenicopters.

PHENICOPTERS.—Kkaw! Kkaw!
DR WIND.—Here (*puts letters in beaks of Phenicopters*). Now fly! (*They fly.*)

Mrs Eagles and Eaglets.

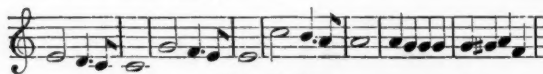
MR EAGLES.—Phenicopters for dinner! Catch 'em, Eagles! We've a good fire. Catch 'em!

[Eagles stretches wings to fly after Phenicopters.
DR WIND (whirlwindily).—Stop! stop! or—Happy thought!
[Blows Dr Eagles, Mrs Eagles, Eaglets, and ey'ry nest off rock into valley.]

DR WIND (exultingly).—Hoi! Hoi! (blows himself back to Bee and Bottle.)

At Bee and Bottle.

DR WIND.—Hoi! (sings):—



Room darkens.

Spectra.



DR WIND (shivering).—Gar! Mumbo!

MUMBO.—Massa, 'im 'scape—Holli!

DR WIND.—Qwha! Jumbo!

JUMBO.—Massa, 'im all right? Golli!

DR WIND (suddenly exasperated).—Hoi! Hoi! Hoi! Happy thought!
[Lights lucifer. Mumbo and Jumbo vanish. Dr Wind blows himself up chimney.]

DR WIND (in mid-air, singing).—Hoi! Hoi! Hoi! Gespenstflichtigen!

Man with Umbrella.

MAN WITH UMBRELLA (looking furtively about).—Not an umbrella in this fine weather. Blow the Bee and Bottle. Humph—here's Wind's whistle. I'll take and whet his whistle (sings):—

Not an umbrella

In this fine weather!

Blow Wind and crack thy cheeks! (exit whistling.)

Schluss folgt.

MANCHESTER TOWN HALL.

Programme of Organ Recital by Mr J. Kendrick Pyne.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30th:—

Marziale...	R. Schumann.
Gavotte, with variations	G. F. Handel.
Fantasia and Fugue, in B minor	J. S. Bach.
Meditation on a Chorale	Gustavus Merkel.
Largo Cantabile, Sixteenth Symphony...	Haydn.
Jupiter March, Sappho...	C. Gounod.

M. A. CORNELIS, professor at the Conservatoire of Brussels, has been engaged by M. Rivière, as leader and solo violinist, for his series of concerts at Covent Garden.

THE Municipality of Vienna has christened one of their new streets "Liebhart-Strasse" in commemoration of Louise Liebhart, the once favourite prima donna of the Imperial Opera, now resident in London.

MARRIAGE OF CARLOTTA PATTI.

The marriage of Mdle Carlotta Patti with M. Ernest de Munk was celebrated to day at the Eglise de la Trinité, at the end of the Chaussée d'Antin. The families only were present. The bride's witnesses were the Marquis de Caux and M. Gardoni; the bridegroom's, M. Bourdillon and M. Schizzosa, the manager of the great Australian tournée, which the happy couple will start to join to-morrow.

C. C.

Paris, Wednesday Night.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MR ARTHUR SULLIVAN is expected in Paris to-day. He thence returns immediately to London, to resume his place as conductor at the Covent Garden Concerts. He will attend the Hereford Festival in order to direct the performance of his oratorio, *The Light of the World*, in the Cathedral, on Thursday.

LISZT has produced at Weimar an epilogue, *Le Triomphe funèbre du Tasse*, to his second Symphonic Poem, *Tasse*. How about the prologue? The whole demands explanation, *pro* and *post*.

TAMBERLIK is to be future manager of the Liceo, Barcelona. He will, of course, do his best to secure Zaré Thalberg.

MISS MINNIE HAWK is still at the Rigi Kaltbad. Her engagement with Mr Carl Rosa is for ten or twelve performances, during the course of which she is to play the leading characters in English versions of *Mignon*, *The Taming of the Shrew* (Goetz) and *Aida*. She will not appear in the English *Carmen*.

PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM.—At a meeting of the General Committee on Saturday, the Mayor (Alderman Collings), who occupied the chair, regarded the financial result of the late Festival as satisfactory considering the depression in trade. His worship moved the adoption of the report, which showed that the receipts amounted to £11,729, or £3,430 below the Festival of 1876. The report was adopted. On the motion of Lord Norton, votes of thanks were passed to M. Saint-Saëns, Herr Max Bruch, Sir Michael Costa, the patrons, officers, &c.

JERSEY.—A concert was given in the Albert Hall, on Tuesday evening, August 26th, under the patronage of Major-General L. Nicholson, C.B. The singers were Mdme Nita Guzman, Mr H. Seligman, and Signor Isidor de Lara. Mdle Ludovici was pianist, and Mdle Gabrielle Vaillant, violinist. There was a full and select attendance. Mdme Guzman won most applause in "I have waited for thy coming;" Signor de Lara in his own setting of the Marquis de Leuville's "Oriental Serenade" (encored), and Mr Seligman in Arthur Sullivan's "Once again." Mdle Vaillant—says the *Jersey Express*—"in a fantasia by Vieuxtemps exhibited perfect mastery over her instrument, the many difficult passages being played with an ease that astonished her audience." The concert, which ended with Signor Randegger's charming trio, "I Naviganti," was in every way a success.

HORNDEN, HANTS (From a Correspondent).—The noble organ—the specification of which will be sent you next week—recently erected by Mr Hunter at Merchistown Hall, was opened on Thursday by Mr W. Henry Thomas, who performed the following selection:—"Marvellous, Lord, are Thy works," arranged by E. J. Hopkins (Haydn); Adagio, from Symphony No. 3 (Mendelssohn); Slow Movement, from Concerto in C, arranged by E. J. Hopkins (Beethoven); Prelude and Fugue (J. S. Bach); March, from *Athalie* (Mendelssohn); March, "Lyro" (Whittaker); Andante in F (Battiste); Canzone (Guilmant); "March Nuptiale" (Guilmant); Postlude in D (H. Smart).

The skill of the performer, revealing the varied beauties of the compositions, displayed the admirable qualities of the instrument, and its capacity of giving utterance to all forms of music and gradations of tone, from the whisperings of a zephyr to the ragings of thunder. It is capitally adapted to the proportions of the fine music room built for its reception, and looks as handsome and noble as it is mellow, rich, and dignified in tone. The spacious rooms of Merchistown were filled with friends and neighbours, who greatly enjoyed the concert, which embraced selections of sacred and secular music, sung by Masters Barnard, Guard, and Wybourn, of the Temple Church; and the well known vocalists, Messrs W. H. Cummings, J. Brown, W. Coates, and Lewis Thomas.—LIZARD.

REMINISCENCES OF THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL
(1879).

No. 1.

MAX BRUCH'S "LAY OF THE BELL."

Reverting to Herr Max Bruch's *Lay of the Bell*, the question first arises whether the composer was altogether happy in his choice of a theme. We are growing somewhat more critical than heretofore on this matter. At one time anything was thought good enough to be—as Wagner would put it—set to music. Pathos or bathos, an expression of sentiment or a logarithmic table—all was one to composers content to tack on strains which their nominal subject neither inspired nor befitted. But this deplorable age has passed, and though the faults of our own time are many, we have at least come to demand that words used for music shall be such as are adapted for—nay, such as require musical expression. The perception of such words, however, is a gift which does not appear to be bestowed upon everybody. *Appropos*, there is a very pregnant passage in one of Mendelssohn's letters to his sister. Referring to a composition from her clever pen, the master said:—

"At the beginning of the air alone are the words vigorous and spirited, and from them emanated the whole of your lovely piece of music. The music of the choruses is, of course, good, for it is written by you, but it seems to me . . . as if it were not necessarily what it is; indeed, as if it might have been differently composed. This arises from the poetry not demanding any particular music. . . . I would advise you to be more cautious in the choice of your words, because, after all, it is not everything in the Bible, even if it suits the theme, that is suggestive of music."

Here we have Wagner's theory on the same subject before Wagner announced it, and here also a true test by which to judge the fitness of a composer's theme. Words must suggest music, and that with such definiteness that the music must be necessarily what it is. Applying this test to Herr Bruch's choice of Schiller's poem, the result is not satisfactory. Beyond question there are many passages in *Das Lied von der Glocke* which ask for musical expression in irresistible accents, but there are many others which do nothing of the kind—passages such as the old Italian composers of opera would have given to "speaking recitative," or, as the Germans, leaving them to dialogue, would pass over. What, for instance, is the music demanded by such lines as these?—

"Wie sich schon die Pfeifen bräunen!
Dieses Stübchen tauch' ich ein;
Seh'n wir's übergläut' erscheinen,
Wird's zum Gusse zeitig sein."

One may hit this verse anywhere without getting a musical ring out of it, and if Herr Bruch's cantata be a dull one, it is principally because he had to deal with so many like it, and solemnly brought to bear the whole apparatus of his art, grinding the wind with a vast amount of noise and whirling of wheels. When the composer has to do with really musical words he is often happy, but otherwise he simply affords an illustration of the fact that you cannot grow grapes on a thorn-tree, nor pick figs from a thistle. In saying this, I do not lose sight of the fact that Romberg set music to the same poem, and that his work still lives in the enjoyment of wide-spread favour. But Romberg treated the theme in a much simpler fashion than Herr Bruch—an observer of modern custom—could well follow, passing lightly over the unmusical portions of his text, and fastening upon those really lyrical or dramatic. Thus, Romberg had an advantage not enjoyed by Bruch. A composer must now be "intense," or nothing, and roll his eyes in a fine frenzy, even if he set to music the multiplication table.

Herr Bruch is very intense throughout this *Lay of the Bell*. His fires are as lurid as those which dart from the melting furnace, and the poor master-workman is not allowed to say, "Well, we'll now begin the casting," without a degree of "agonizing" which must materially add to the heat of his labours. Vainly do we ask, as the cantata goes on, for some repose. How the repose should come we do not stipulate. Let it be a common-place duet in thirds and sixths, or a little instrumental episode, with a pretty, accompanied melody for the violins. Anything you please, Herr Bruch, to relieve the ear from that ponderous orchestration, and the eye from those gladiatorial strivings. But, no! Herr Bruch thunders away like a general who depends upon his heavy artillery, and there is a great deal of resultant noise, together with much smoke. Herein, however, the composer is but a victim to fashion. Music is now-a-days very much an affair of nerves, and everybody knows that stimulants soon lose their effect unless the dose be from time to time increased. So, no doubt, our orchestras will continue to grow, and our composers to devise combinations more and more thrilling, till the nerves can respond no longer, and someone discovers that the real purpose of music is to affect the mind and heart rather than the ganglionic centres whence

issue the "creeps." Let us now see what is good in Herr Bruch's work. In the first place, it shows a knowledge how to produce orchestral effects, even if that knowledge be not always judiciously used. This, however, is a very common merit, because it is more easily acquired now than in the past, when the resources available were smaller. Herr Bruch's scoring is essentially modern—in other words, a play of colour rather than of graceful or striking forms, the colour always as brilliant as he can make it. The result diverts the eye in a great measure from aught else, and whether, in a work of the kind, orchestra or voices should have the first place is a question needless to discuss. Nevertheless, the fact that Herr Bruch holds rank as a successful colourist should be mentioned for such credit as it may deserve. It is even more essential to point out that his treatment of lyrical subjects, especially those which are very tender in sentiment, shows real feeling and aptitude. To passion he is seldom equal, but when not required to fathom its depths he commands a large meed of approval. In this *Lay of the Bell*, for instance, we have a chorus, referring to the joy of a child's birth, admirable alike in workmanship and expression. So with a tenor solo and chorus concerning the days of youth and love, and, for the same reason, a trio, "Peace benignant, gentle concord," should be classed among beautiful things, while a largely developed chorus, "Hallowed order," is masterly in construction and suggestive in character. On the level of these efforts Herr Bruch is at his best. Here he writes with true feeling, and reaches our hearts. As a master of melody he never, perhaps, asserts himself with the fulness to be desired, but his phrases, when spontaneous, lack neither sentiment nor beauty. Having to ascend higher or go lower, he gives us less pleasure. Herr Bruch, as we now see him, is not fit for the "Erebus vein." Dramatic vigour with him becomes mere empty clamour, while his cry *de profundis* is too often laboured and dull. The fire chorus, for example, and that in which the horrors of civil strife are depicted, have no genuine power. The music would serve for anything else requiring noise, and is but an uproar in rhythm. With regard to the composer's treatment of the more profound and solemn portions of his text, it is clear that he does not atone for going out of his depth by elaboration of manner. Herr Bruch seems to have a horror of being simple, yet simplicity would have served his turn better here than any amount of studied effort. When Handel, in his *Messiah*, approached the mystery of the Incarnation, he, giant as he was, put the sacred words, "Behold a Virgin shall conceive," into recitative. Herr Bruch, apparently, would have stormed around them with his entire force, and, after all, left them untouched. Another characteristic of this music is its polyphony. Our composer is not a mere chord-monger. He has a fancy for "real parts," and goes on writing them, not only with skill, but indiscriminately. In the solos the complexity of the orchestral accompaniment is often a cause of embarrassment, while the more important choruses are rendered needlessly difficult by a movement of parts without apparent object or obvious result. Intricate details are sometimes necessary to the working out of a composer's themes, and then they exist for their own sake, and stand in the first place. But when they are non-essential or buried beneath other matter they are superfluous. In music, as elsewhere, everything should have a reason, and for things without reason there can be no defence. To sum up, Herr Bruch's *Lay of the Bell* is not a success. It has beauties, but they are outweighed by defects; and, as the composer writes in no particular manner because that alone is his, it seems a pity that he did not live earlier, when lyrical gifts, exercised with simplicity and taste, might have served him well. For the present Herr Bruch has been blown away by his own storm, rent in pieces by his own "intensity." Romberg may sleep in peace.

No. 2.

"MOSES IN EGYPT."

This morning—a very wet one—ushered in a still wetter day, and, as it was known that the attendance at the Oratorio Concert would be comparatively small, the festival barometer stood as low as the quicksilver in the glass. It might have been expected that the Exeter Hall version of Rossini's opera, *Mosé in Egitto*, would attract a crowd, looking at its novelty in these parts, and the just popularity of the composer with all who love the soul of music—tune. Yet the attendance fell as low as 993, whereas at the last festival Macfarren's *Resurrection* and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* attracted 1,225. It would seem from this that the expectations which secured a place in the programme for *Moses in Egypt* were unduly sanguine, and that in all likelihood a new work by an English composer would have been at once more acceptable and more profitable. The result will not occasion regret in many minds, and, so far, the choice of Rossini's "oratorio" and of Bruch's *Lay of the Bell* are in the same category. No one feels disposed to rejoice at anything calculated to mar either the artistic or financial success of the festival; but, in these two

cases, failure of the anticipated result conveys a wholesome lesson. From the first it was not easy to see why Herr Bruch should be preferred before equally gifted musicians of native birth, and now, perhaps, the managers themselves feel the difficulty. Given the absolute superiority of a German over an Englishman, no one is likely to complain of the preference awarded to the first; but where there is anything like equality we do well to remember that favour begins at home. As regards *Moses in Egypt*, it was also hard to discover why, with many sacred works *purs et simples* awaiting recognition, the managers should go to Exeter Hall for a converted opera; and it may be that now the mistake of doing so is everywhere apparent. As a matter of principle, the step was ill-advised. If *Moses in Egypt* has any rights at all it has a right to remain in the form Rossini decided upon, and to divorce it from the stage, and strip off its secular trappings, is neither more nor less than an aggravated assault. Vainly, however, might one preach this doctrine now-a-days. We recognize nothing with regard to the works of dead masters but our own power to alter and "amend" them, and the more perfect the composition, the more likely it is to be hammered and squeezed into other shapes. In this particular case there is not even the argument that Rossini decked out for stage display a really sacred work, and that no harm, but rather good, is done by taking the vain ornaments off. Wield the scissors with ever so much care, and you cannot cut away the secular element in *Mosé*. That element is the life of every page and bar, so that if entirely removed there would be nothing left but "spectral bones and ribs." Then why drag *Mosé* neck and crop into the sacred concert-room? The act is about as ill-timed as would have been the forcing of a Royalist jester, his motley hidden by a Geneva gown, into the midst of the Westminster assembly of divines. But objectors need not insist even upon this point if it be urged that there is no absolute standard by which to test the pretensions of music to be sacred. They may be told that Mendelssohn's string *Ottet*, *scherzo* and all, has been played during a solemn mass in Paris, without shocking the devout by its incongruity. The position thus contested it is not necessary to defend, because there remains the insurmountable argument of false expression. Ornate as is the style of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and superficial as may be its feeling, yet between the music and the words there is an affinity. It is not such music as an Englishman would write; but it is not false music. The die may be objected to; the metal is pure. Not so here; for, without reference to the book, one cannot tell whether the Hebrews are praying or dancing. Only their shouting is unmistakable, and that may be the shouting of the Egyptians. From this criticism the love-music of Amenophis and Anais must be exempt, since here at least Rossini is true to a situation which in itself has a certain element of sacredness, and his delightful melodies are received with no consciousness but of their beauty. The performance was as imposing as a large and well-drilled force, and a chief whose heart was in his work, could make it. Smiling Rossini coming after solemn Bruch put every singer and player in good temper, and noise held high carnival throughout the morning, brass and drums braying and thundering, so that the charger of the gallant officer who commands the borough police must have sniffed battle from his station outside; but, though obstreperous, there was much in the execution of *Moses* to commend. It was a triumph of discipline, at any rate. In accordance with the rule, there was no applause, but the more sonorous or melodious numbers in the work made an obvious impression.—D.T.

(To be continued.)

A CAVALIER'S FAREWELL.*

The moon in argent splendour bathes
the sleeping world,
Each tiny leaf, each odorous bell is
furled;
'Neath the old trysting tree, with
longing heart I wait,
To hear the fairy feet whose coming
brings my fate.
Come quickly, oh my own dear love,
And through the dark'ning night
Bring the morning of thy presence,
Change my soul's gloom into light.
Chase from my brow the shadow,
Kiss from my lips the sigh,
Waste not these precious moments,
Too swiftly time doth fly.

* Copyright.

To-morrow's dawn will find me, dear,
On the fierce battle plain,
No thought of love may then enthral,
Vengeance my heart must claim.
I must conquer or must die, love,
As did my sires of yore,
And bring thee back a laurel crown,
Or see thy face no more.

Then give me but one token, dear,
Some love gauge, ere we part;
This little flower thy hand has press'd,
I'll wear it next my heart.
Thy love shall prove a talisman
To guard me through the fight,
And if I fall thy tears will win
For me Heaven's crown of light.

C. S.

ANNETTE ESSIPOFF.

(From the "Observer," August 31.)

The Covent Garden Promenade concert of last night derived special interest from the *rentrée* of Mdme Annette Essipoff—a pianist of the highest rank, who has been too long absent from our shores. Mdme Essipoff chose for her *rentrée* the magnificent E flat pianoforte concerto of Beethoven. To describe the manner in which she interpreted this masterpiece of pianoforte compositions would be difficult without a resort to eulogy which might appear hyperbolic to those who are unacquainted with Mdme Essipoff's wonderful powers. Suffice it to say that the great concerto, fitly known among musicians as the "Emperor" concerto, received from Mdme Essipoff an interpretation which might have satisfied Beethoven himself. Enthusiastic applause was freely given, and it was again evident—as often before—that there is no occasion to provide an inferior class of musical entertainment for Saturday night audiences.

PAULINE LUCCA.

In connection with the erroneous report which recently found its way into certain papers, English as well as foreign, that the above gifted lady was dead, the annexed letter, addressed by a Vienna artist to the *Fremdenblatt*, cannot fail to prove interesting:—

"For the last four weeks I have been the guest of Baron Wallhofen, at his charming country-seat here" (Goldenberg, on the banks of the Lake of Zurich), "and have enjoyed plenty of opportunities for admiring his wife, the popular artist, Pauline Lucca, as an excellent household manager. She holds sway in her home with the same energy and amiability with which she rules everything on the stage, and there reigns under her roof a spirit of order and punctuality to which everyone willingly conforms. After breakfast, she makes all her domestic arrangements, like a good housewife, with minute precision, and an hour afterwards she may be heard, like an indefatigable artist as she is, practising her scales and sol-fas. Goldenberg is situate on an eminence 150 feet above the Lake of Zurich; it is a fine property, with a park, a wood, and extensive vineyards. The mansion, with a large terrace looking towards the Lake, is two stories high; it is built in the Renaissance style, and contains some very charming rooms. Everything displays rare good taste. The Baroness's boudoir is a little museum, in which are heaped up gold and silver laurel wreaths, together with all kinds of Chinese and Japanese treasures. Every evening there is a concert, when the lady of the house delights her visitors by singing songs in different languages. She is very fond, too, of singing airs from Verdi's *Don Carlos*. The midges and horseflies are an absolute public calamity; the latter especially appear to have a particular spite against the Baroness. Last week, while out walking, she was so badly stung by one of them that her right arm swelled up, and it was necessary to call in medical assistance. The Doctor said the sting had been inflicted by a poisonous fly, adding that such cases were common in the neighbourhood, and that a young girl had recently died in consequence. Notwithstanding this pleasant announcement, the poor Baroness bore her pain patiently, without for a moment losing her good spirits. But, as this was the second time the same thing had occurred, Baron Wallhofen, who had previously refused several advantageous offers, has now made up his mind to sell the property, and Goldenberg will thus soon pass into other hands."

Mad. Lucca has quite recovered from the effects of the sting, and, in the best possible health, is at present looking forward with pleasure to her appearance in the winter at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD OPERA-GOER.

No. 1.

The *Barbiere* was presented, according to promise; but Mdle Chapuy, announced to make her first appearance for the season, in the part of Rosina, being indisposed, an excellent substitute was found in Mdle Varesi, a singer of the genuine Italian School, to whom the florid music of Rossini comes both easily and gracefully. Mdle Varesi's execution of "Una voce poco fa" was so brilliant that the audience unanimously called upon her to repeat the *cabaletta*, last movement. (Date of this mislaid.)

CONEY CORK.

Trium juncta in uno.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—Your Correspondent at Birmingham, writing of the Musical Festival, seems dissatisfied because one of the singers, who, he says, is an Englishman, should have chosen to sing an Italian song instead of an English one at the concert on Wednesday evening. A similar complaint has often been made before on various occasions, I take this opportunity of asking, although I am not the singer in question, whether any one can mention the names of more than half-a-dozen really good English songs worthy of a place at the Birmingham Festival. By songs I do not, of course, mean common-place ballads, but productions of English composers, with English words, such as might, for instance, be compared with Beethoven's "Adelaide" or Schubert's "Wanderer" or "Ave Maria." I think if those who complain of English singers choosing foreign songs were to consider, they would allow that it is no easy matter to find good English ones. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

AMATEUR.

SIR,—The thanks of all interested in progress in art are due to your correspondent present at the Birmingham Festival, in his having alluded to three matters in which, for years, reform has been greatly needed. He says (1) that "repetition of a few works, masterpieces though they be, appears absolutely unwarrantable;" (2) that "besides a single symphony of Beethoven the splendid body of musicians was independently employed only in the performance of a few of the most familiar overtures, such as are heard at every promenade concert;" and (3) that "the dignity of the festival was not increased by the amount of time granted to the singers for the purpose of mere vocal display;" and further, that one of the soloists, being English, as a matter of course, sang an Italian operatic song—a remark which has elicited a letter in your columns of to-day from "Amateur."

Having been at almost every festival in Europe given during the last twenty years, I may perhaps be allowed to assert that the three points enumerated are those in which the musical festivals of this country are least satisfactory, and, as compared, for instance, with German festivals, the least progressive. As regards the first of these shortcomings, it may be urged as some excuse that the financial rather than the artistic aspect must be the first consideration on the part of committees of festivals held in aid of charities, who feel themselves bound to select works which "draw" best, and that therefore the law of such Medes and Persians, which altereth not, in their giving the same two oratorios year after year on two days of every festival in the kingdom, may be politic, however unfavourable to artistic progress. On such grounds only could a system be defended which, with rigid conservatism, always assigns to two out of four festival mornings the oratorios *Messiah* and *Elia*. In respect to the second point alluded to—namely, the deplorable custom of almost ignoring the greatest orchestral music at most of our festivals, at which splendid bands are assembled, able to do ample justice to such music, which in our provinces is still very little known, far less excuse could be urged. "Deplorable" is not too strong a term to apply to a selection limited to Italian operatic overtures by Rossini or Auber, which, when heard before the operas they prelude, or at garden concerts abroad, are in place, although scarcely so on an occasion claiming "European celebrity" in regard to musical art, while overtures equally popular but incomparably greater by Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, &c., were wholly omitted and only one symphony included in the programmes.

The third matter—that is, the low standard of the songs selected—is no doubt the fault of soloists rather than of committees. In his remarks on your musical correspondent's reference to the proclivities of English vocalists towards Italian songs, "Amateur" has not, I think, perceived the drift of that reference, which probably implied, not that English singers ought always to sing English music, but that, instead of hankering after Italian operatic songs, it would be more artistic if they would select the incomparable songs specially composed for concert use (most of which have English translations) by Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, &c., unless, indeed, they choose concert songs by our own countrymen composed after such models, which English songs, though rare, nevertheless exist, and would become popular if more frequently brought forward by our best native vocalists instead of the "common-place ballads" to which "Amateur" alludes. To his question whether "half-a-dozen really good English songs could be mentioned worthy of a place at the Birmingham Festival," an answer for at least that number can be given by mentioning the name of William Sterndale Bennett.

Your musical correspondent does not appear to "complain of English singers choosing foreign songs," but of their so often choosing excerpts from Italian operas. If the shortcomings mentioned and

others which exist in festival programmes were more frequently alluded to by fearless and competent critics, improvement might be hoped for and the standard brought nearer that of the musical festivals of Germany, at which the drawbacks mentioned would be simply impossible. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

August, 30th.

PROFESSOR.

SIR,—The complaint of your correspondent at the Birmingham Festival that English singers select Italian or other foreign airs in preference to English songs is reasonable and sensible; and in answer to "Amateur," who upholds the custom in the *Times* of to-day, I would ask him if he has ever heard Callcott's grand songs, "Angel of Light," "The Last Man," and "The Battle of Hohenlinden," or Charles Salaman's dreamy, but exquisite, "I arise from dreams of thee." These, with many of "Moore's Irish Melodies," would supply more than the "half-dozen good English songs" he thinks we are unable to re-produce, and would, I am convinced, be more attractive than selections from foreign operas, which lose half their interest by being dissociated from the "plot," and are seldom interpreted by English singers as they should be. I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

ANOTHER AMATEUR.

August 30.

OH SOUTHGATE! SOUTHGATE!

Mr Southgate, whose name carries weight with it in any question upon which he may be inclined to enter, has addressed the *Times* upon a subject just now almost daily discussed in the columns of the leading journal. We subjoin his letter:—

"To the Editor of the 'Times.'"

"SIR,—The assumption of 'Amateur' that there are not more than half-a-dozen good English songs worthy of a place at the Birmingham Festival should not be allowed to pass without protest. If he were to make himself acquainted with the various collections of English songs edited by W. Chappell, Dr Macfarren, J. Hatton, and Dr Hullah, and examine the compositions of Sir H. Bishop, Sir Sterndale Bennett, Balfe, Wallace, and Dr Sullivan (not to mention many other writers), he would, probably, change his opinion. The comparison invited by 'Amateur' between our native music and that of foreigners would be as odious and useless as comparisons generally are in matters of taste. When one frequently finds instances of copyrights of English songs realizing hundreds of pounds at music sales, it is evident that your correspondent's assertion, 'that it is no easy matter to find good English songs,' is not that entertained by publishers, singers, and our music-loving people. I am, yours truly,

"T. L. SOUTHGATE."

Oh! Southgate, Southgate! wherefore art thou Southgate? Henceforth thou shalt be intitled Northgate, Eastgate, or Westgate—but no longer Southgate! What could have put it into thine erudite nob that such a letter as that of "Amateur" was worth an answer at all? If no more, why so much? Talk of the plague of butterflies, locusts, &c.! What is that to the plague of amateurs?

Cicero's Querc.

PONTRESINA.—A performance of Messrs Sullivan and Burnand's inimitable extravaganza, *Cox and Box*, was given at the Hotel Krone here, on Thursday, the 28th ult., in aid of the Pontresina English Church Building Fund. The characters were thus distributed:—Cox, Mr Arthur Sullivan; Box, Mr Arthur Cecil; Bouncer, Mr Joseph Barnby. Herr Otto Goldschmidt played the orchestral accompaniments on the pianoforte. The success was both artistically and financially complete. A letter on the subject has just reached us—too late for insertion this week.

DARMSTADT.—Extensive repairs and alterations are being made in the Grand Ducal Theatre. The new season is expected to commence in a few weeks.

The Vienna Choral Association for Male Voices on a visit to Salzburg were welcomed at the station by the vocal associations of the town and neighbourhood, the Burgomaster, and forty *Ehrenjungfrauen* ("Virgins of Honour.")

The statue of Bellini for his monument in Catania is nearly ready; other statues for the pedestal representing characters from *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, *Il Pirata*, and *I Puritani* are finished.

M. Coulon is about starting on a tour through the United States with an Italian operatic company, headed by Miss Blanche Roosevelt, a young American lady, as *prima donna*. (Remembered at Covent Garden as Rosavelli.—D. B.)

POSEN.—By a resolution of the Town Council, Herr Grosse, of Basle, will be allowed to occupy the new Stadttheater free of rent from the 1st of October to the end of May next.

WAIFS.

Amsterdam will have an Italian opera this winter. The *impresario*, Vincenzo Jacovacci, has been in Milan. Mad. Etelka Gerster and her husband are expected at Bologna. Anton Rubinstein and his brother Nicholas are taking a holiday in the East.

The operatic season at the Politeama, Rome, is progressing unfavourably.

Madlle Turolla is at Brescia, where she opened as Anna Bolena in Donizetti's opera.

A new theatrical and musical journal, *La Critica*, has been published at Leghorn.

Herr Paul Geisler's "music-drama," *Ingeborg*, is to be given at Leipzig next March.

Mad. Harris-Zagury and Jaell, the pianist, have been giving concerts at Carlsbad.

Sig. de Giosa is at Trieste, superintending the rehearsals of his *Napoli di Carnovale*.

Johann Strauss is at Wykanj Föhr, on the German Ocean, finishing an opera, *Das Spitzentuch*.

The King of Portugal has conferred the Order of the Redeemer on Sig. F. Lamperti. (*Perchè?*)

Salvini, the great tragedian, will shortly give four performances at the Teatro Argentina, Rome.

Mad. Mary Liszt, pupil of Mad. Marchesi, is engaged for next season at the Scala, Milan.

Sig. De Reszke is engaged at the Teatro Real, Madrid, M. Marin having left for St Petersburg.

Mdme Nissen-Salomon, the well-known professor of singing, died on the 27th ult., in Harzburg.

A congress of German Zither Associations is announced for the 6th, 7th, and 8th inst., at Weimar.

Albert Tristan-Siegmund-Niemann "stars" this winter at the Stadttheater, Frankfurt-on-the-Maine.

The amateur Urania Theater, Berlin, was recently burnt down, after an existence of nearly ninety years.

Mozart's *Zauberflöte* is announced for the autumn at the Grand Théâtre, Marseilles—first time out of Paris.

The King and Queen of the Belgians were serenaded by fifteen hundred vocalists during a visit to Tournai.

The Coliseo, Buenos Ayres, is to be sold by auction, in virtue of the will of Sig. Bonnemason, late proprietor.

The Grand Operahouse, New York, will open with *Paul and Virginia*, Miss Emma Abbot impersonating the heroine.

The Municipality of Cons-le-Saunier have decided on erecting a monument to Rouget de l'Isle, author of the "Marseillaise."

Ambroise Thomas's *Françoise de Rimini* will be first produced in Italy, for which country Sig. Sonzogno has acquired the copyright.

A German version of Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* will be performed next month at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna—first time in German.

The largest audience ever known in the Teatro Colon, Buenos Ayres, (some 2,500) attended the performance of *Les Huguenots* on the 9th July.

M. A. Blum, the baritone, will make his re-appearance at the New York Academy of Music as the Czar in Lortzing's *Czar und Zimmermann*.

Two more infant prodigies, Clara and Otto Müller, pianist and harpist, have been playing at Leipzig. The father is member of Bilse's Orchestra, Berlin.

The Prussian Lord Chamberlain has announced to the manager of the Königsberg Theater that the Emperor, during his visit to the town, will attend the performance every evening.

Professor Bonawitz, of Vienna, is about starting on a concert tour, with Beethoven's Sonatas, Opp. 7, 13, 14, 26, 27, 31, 53, 57, 81, 90, 101, 106, 109, 110, and 111, as his exclusive programme.

PERCHÈ.*
(Romanza per musica.)

Perchè da te lontano
Lo Spirto non è lieto
E un palpito secreto
Mi spinge a sospirar?

Perchè se a te son presso,
Stretto ho il respiro in petto,
E sovrumano diletto
L'alma mi fa tremar?

* *Dritto riservato.*
(Copyright.)

Perchè se al sonno i lumi
Chiudo per breve istante
Il vago tuo sembiante
Sembrami di veder?

Non v'ha in questo loco
Chi attiri i sguardi miei?
Ah! dimmi:...e perchè sei
Tu sola il mio pensiero?.....

JOANNA ENRIQUEZ.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

DUFF & STEWART.—"My love far away," ballad, by M. W. Balfie.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & Co.—Six songs from *Gwen*, a drama in monologue, by the author of the *Epic of Hades*, the music by G. A. Macfarren. "Love floweth on for ever" and "Fie, Shepherd, Fie!" by Ridley Prentice. "Chanson d'Avril," "Chanson de Mai," and "The girl to her bird," by A. G. Thomas. "Ah! so Tenessi la Madre mia," "Lasciami Piangere," "Ti Scorderai di me," "Mi son Vestita tutta quanto a Bruno," and "Quando cadran le Foglie," by Filippo Troisi. "The Maiden at the Hostel," by Rosetta O'Leary Vinning. "My ain kind Dearie," song by Maude Valerie White. "Poo Teu loh," or "The World's Delight," the Chinese national air, arranged for piano, by Sir Julius Benedict. "The Duchess of Connaught's March," by Cusins, arranged as a piano duet by E. J. Troup. "Lord Ullin's Daughter," a story told in four-part chorus, by Arthur H. Jackson. "Tic, Tic," part-song, written and composed by Gratton Cooke. No. 3 of Six Classical Pieces, arranged for violin and piano by Otto Peiniger.

REDDALL, CARTE & Co.—*The Amateur Flute Player's Journal*, Nos. 23 and 29.

W. REEVES, 185, Fleet Street.—*English Organ Music*, Nos. 8, 9, and 10.

MUNICH.—During a recent performance of *Rheingold* at the Theatre Royal, some gun cotton, used to imitate lightning, set fire to the scenery. The iron curtain was at once let down, and the fire so promptly extinguished that within a short time the performance was resumed and successfully brought to a close.

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